

With the Long Bow

"Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies."

Mean Trick Played on Aunt Ella by the Young Ones Who Told the Courteous Stranger that Auntie Was Deaf.

THE children, some of them of larger growth too, put up a shameful one on Aunt Ella that made that charming and versatile lady feel like a bargain day with everything on the table marked down from 30 cents to 29 cents.

The gentleman was anxious to do the right thing so when he met Aunt Ella he looked her directly in the eye and spoke very slowly and distinctly and in a loud and clear tone.

Auntie was surprised but assumed that once that he was a little deaf and raised her voice too. Some of the children retired into corners and laughed and talked volubly to one another.

Finally Aunt Ella said sotto voce, "Can it be that he thinks I am deaf too," and it all came out in a general laugh.

Wasn't that the mean trick to play on the nice young man?

Editor Bilbrow, now of Granville, N. D., but formerly of the Maxbass (N. D.) paper, was in town this week endeavoring to purchase a white, long haired, poodle dog.

He reports that money is horribly easy in North Dakota and that the wheat jungle is so thick and heavy that fears are expressed lest the mowers fail to dent it.

A St. Joseph, Mo., woman had a husband who was good to her, but there was another man who wrote poetry to her. She was simple enough to like this idea better than the other.

"Give me a kiss, add to that kiss a score; Then to that twenty add a hundred more; A thousand to that hundred, so kiss on;

Kissing is said to be not so bad under proper conditions, but we submit that the above stanza calls for too many under any condition.

Granny Fay, "the sprightliest old woman in Greater New York," as her neighbors called her, is dead at the age of 105 and to the immense astonishment of the physicians who cut her up.

The incident recalls the case of "Old Parr," who lived to be 152 years of age and then killed himself by going on a "time" and painting London a delicate crimson.

The great Harvey made the postmortem examination of old Parr, and has left it on record that his viscera were all sound, the cartilages of the ribs had not ossified, and there was no obvious reason why he might not have lived for fifty years more if he had not kicked up and tried to paint the town.

Flourants says that a man is twenty years growing, and that the normal animal lives five times the period of his growth.

What the Market Affords

Jellied tongue, 60 cents a pound. Potatoes, new, 16 cents a peck. Turnips, 25 cents a peck.

Mint, three bunches for 10 cents. Watermelon, 40 cents each. Wild pumpkins, 60 cents a basket.

To prepare potato balls, select large potatoes; wash, pare and soak them in cold water. Shape in balls, using a French vegetable cutter.

Delicious Plum Duff.—Sift a quart of flour with two tablespoons of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt.

FROM ELIZABETH LEE Substitute for Short Sleeves.

Dear Miss Lee: I have a white linen dress and would like to know how to make it. I am 5 feet 6 inches tall, 32 inches bust measure, 40 inches hip and 26 inches waist.

I should have a circular skirt ending just below the knees in a hem and a group of tucks and the skirt completed by a circular flounce, also hemmed and tucked on lower edge.

When making gravy remove the pan from the fire while the thickening is being stirred in, and when smooth return to the fire to cook. This will prevent lumps forming.

A child's school lunch-basket can be kept sweet and clean by dipping it first into salt water, then into cold water, about once a month.

Handkerchiefs will have a faint scent of violets if a small piece of orris root is put in the water in which they are boiled.

When making gravy remove the pan from the fire while the thickening is being stirred in, and when smooth return to the fire to cook.



MAKING A PERFECT DAY.

If the Minneapolis weather man never does it again he can go on record for one perfect, absolutely perfect day. After getting them pretty hot and pretty cold he got one JUST RIGHT.

six or seven times as long as it grows. That would give man a normal age of 120 to 140 years.

But the facts are that human longevity is something apparently beyond the theories of man. It confutes figures. A man usually grows about as old as he dares to. Great numbers of foolish people stand around and say, "O, I don't want to be as old as that. I hope I shall die before"—etc., etc.

WHEN THERE IS NOT TRUTH. "WHERE'S Willie?" asked Mr. Spratt, arriving home from business the other night.

"Oh, John," replied Mrs. Spratt with a troubled countenance, "something very, very distressing happened today. I left 2 cents lying on the dining-room table and Willie took it and went out to the corner and bought candy with it. I teased him with the crime and he owned up. I corrected him and sent him to bed. You must have a serious talk with him in the morning. Oh, I am so distressed about Willie! I believe I should die, John, really, if the boy grew up dishonest." And Mrs. Spratt wiped a tear out of her eye.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry," soothingly replied the husband. "I will talk to the little sinner in the morning. Willie is only 6 years old, you know, and most children of that age are apt to yield easily to temptation. Their ideas of right and wrong are not firmly fixed as yet. But what have you been doing today, love?"

"Oh, I have been shopping and, John, the funniest thing happened. I rode all the way up town in a surface car and it did not cost me a cent. The conductor never once asked me for my fare."

"And did you offer it to him?" "Of course not, goose. It was his business to ask me for it, wasn't it?" "Do you think that was quite—er—er—honest?" ventured John.

"Why, of course it was," tartly replied Mrs. Spratt. "What is the conductor paid for, I should like to know? It isn't my business to make him collect his fare, is it?" "Well, now, in Willie's case," ventured the amused husband.

"Why, John, how can you talk so silly?" rejoined his wife. "The cases are entirely different. You are absurd. Really, I don't think men have their sense of right and wrong any more firmly fixed than children. If the conductor had asked me for my fare I should have given it to him, of course."

"Oh, yes, certainly. Of course, my dear," replied John with a queer look in his eyes.

Science of Landing a Husband

THEY had gathered in Waite's rooms for an after-dinner cigar. And as usual the conversation turned upon women. Harding had just announced his belief in the proposition that any woman could marry any man if she made up her mind to do it.

Harding waved them into silence, settled himself comfortably in the Morris chair, and said: "Just listen to me a minute. I'm going to tell you a story."

Harding had the reputation of being a cynic, but was credited with considerable knowledge of women. "I once knew a girl," he began, "who was good looking and rather clever. All the fellows ran after her but me, and pretty soon I saw that this indifference of mine was arousing her interest."

"Well, I wouldn't talk about myself, so the girl began to talk about herself. She wanted counsel. She told me she wanted to get married—she was determined to get married, and that right away. She said most girls concealed that ambition even from their intimates, but she was ready to say to me quite frankly that she wanted a husband. Then she told me her life story. She was the youngest of five sisters. Their father earned a comfortable salary, but the family was wasteful and the father indulgent, and the result was that she, her sisters and her mother had always lived right up to the limit. They had always managed to dress well and to keep up a good 'front,' but there never had been a cent saved, and there was nothing to fall back on in case the family bread-winner became ill, died or some other emergency came about."



AND SHE WANTED A BREAD-WINNER FOR HER OWN BEFORE THE CRASH CAME.

And so she wanted a bread-winner for her own before the crash came. She wanted him to be a nice fellow; she wanted to love him if she could; but, care for him or not, a husband she would have.

"Then she asked me about Dr. Miller. Now Miller was a young chap with plenty of money and a good practice. He was a good fellow, but he was simply wrapped up in his profession. He hadn't a thought outside of it. Women who were not meant for him to him, there was no joy outside of his work. There was matchmaking mamas who had tried to trap Miller, but it was no go. He went on with his wife, leaving the mamas shedding tears of vexation. Now, I told her all this, but it didn't affect her in the least. She coolly announced that she had decided to marry him. The audacity of it almost took my breath away, but I laughed and offered to bet her a box of candy against a 2-cent piece that she couldn't rope Miller. She took the bet."

"Miller seemed to be rather wary for a while, but he gradually loosened up. For a long time he had never been to a dinner, a dance, a social function of any kind, but the soft pleadings of the girl so worked upon him that he consented to go to a dance. I was there, and I never saw a game more artistically played. She told Miller how fine and big he looked in



TWO OF A TRADE.

Lord Chumpley—How, my name isn't Smith. Here's my card; I'm traveling incog.

Mr. Tubbins—Indeed! I'll give you mine. I'm traveling in pickles.—Illustrated Bits.

his dress clothes, told him how glorious it was to glide along with him, cut out other partners to dance with him, sat out dances with him in dark nooks, and as a climax for the evening let her foot slip during a two-step so that Miller was compelled to gather her in both arms to keep her from falling.

"Well, to make a long story short, she disregarded everything for Miller. He was a bore when he got started on his profession, but she would listen to him talk about his work by the hour. She discovered that Miller liked pink, and her gowns were visions of pink from then on. In about three weeks Miller had lost his head and was beginning to feel the pleasure of ownership when the girl suddenly cooled. She went driving with some of the fastest men in town, and was seen in the company of fellows that she knew Miller heartily disliked, and even broke an engagement or two with him. In general, she treated him like a dog and Miller went wild."

"When she had strained him to the breaking point she suddenly became all smiles and graciousness, and Miller was in the seventh heaven. Then, as suddenly, without giving him any warning whatever, she disappeared from the gayety in town and packed off to a mountain resort noted for its moonlight nights and long, quiet lanes."

"Miller threw up his work, patients and all, and followed her to the mountains. He returned from there in a month roped, tied and ready to be led, like a lamb, to the slaughter. And I bought a box of candy. 'The funny part of it was that Miller confided to me what a wonderful being she was, how pure and sweet and artless, and what a time he had winning out over so many fellows who were wild about her.' 'And were they married?' queried Waite. 'Were they married?' repeated Harding. 'Yes, very much so. Mrs. Miller now weighs a couple of hundred pounds. Her husband wears side whiskers and doesn't dare sneeze without permission.'—New York Press.

A HUMAN OSTRECH.

A MAN who earned his living by swallowing coins and other articles had to be operated on at the London hospital the other day and the surgeons found in him twenty-five pieces of cork, twenty pieces of tinfoil, a leaden bullet, a piece of string eighteen inches long, 18 cents in small change, a piece of leather nine inches long with a hook at each end, several pieces of clay pipestem and portions of a newspaper.

A RUDE AWAKENING.

They were talking of ages— A giddy, old beau. And a pretty young maiden Of eighteen or so. 'I am scarcely too ancient For you, dear, am I?' He whispered her softly Thru a plaintive sigh.

—William J. Lampton in The Bohemian for June.

A String of Good Stories

"I cannot tell how the truth may be; I say the tale as 'twas told to me."

DOOLEY ON PACKINGTOWN.

MR. DOOLEY is greatly wrought up over "The 'Tis' Jingle" and the revelations of the Packingtown scandal. He describes the blight on the old-time feast in Collier's Weekly:

"'Tis th' pleasant hour iv dinner. We've been waitin' half an hour pretidin' we were in no hurry, makin' conversation an' lookin' at th' clock. There is a commotion in th' back iv th' house, an' a cheery perfume as iv beefsteak an' onions comes thru an open door. Th' hired girl smilin' but triumphant flags us fr'm th' dinin' room. Th' talk about th' weather stops at wast. Th' story iv th' wonderful child on'y a year old that hit his brother in stowed away fr' future use. Th' comp'n'y dashes out. There is some crowdin' at th' dure. 'Will ye sit there, Mrs. Casey?' Mrs. Hinnissy, squall down next to Mike. 'Tom, d'ye stow ye yerself at th' end iv th' table where ye can deal th' potatoes.' 'Ar-re ye all-ready? Thin go.' There ar-re twinty good stories flyin' be-fore th' napkins ar-re well inside iv th' collar. Th' platter comes in smokin' like Vesuvius. I begin to play me fav'r-ite chune with a carvin' knife on a steel wire. Mr. Donahue remarks: 'Have ye r-read about th' investigations iv th' stockyards?' I throw me knife. 'Tom Donahue clutches at his collar. Mrs. Hinnissy says th' room seems close, and we make a meal of potatoes an' watercress. Iv-rybody goes home airly without sayin' good-by, an' th' nex' day Father Kelly has to patch up a row between an an' ye-er wife. We ate no more together, an' food bein' th' basis iv all frindship, frindship ceases.'"

SAGE FOOLED THE LAWYER.

RUSSELL SAGE has a horror of lawsuits. A clerk of Mr. Sage's said the other day: "I sought out the chief one morning in his office. You remember, sir, I said, 'my complaint against my wife's uncle!' 'Yes,' he answered. 'Well,' said I, 'the man is obdurate, and I think of bringing suit against him. What do you advise?' Mr. Sage was silent a moment, frowning thoughtfully. Then he said: 'Listen. When I was a clerk in Troy I had a case against a man that seemed quite as good as yours. I visited a prominent lawyer, and laid the whole matter before him in detail. When I was thru he told me that he would be delighted to take the case—that it was a case that I couldn't lose. 'It can't lose!' said I. 'Can't lose,' he repeated. I rose, and took my hat. I thanked the lawyer, and told him that I wouldn't bring suit, after all. And then I explained that it was my opponent's side, and not my own, which I had laid before him.'"

HUMBLING THE MIGHTY.

IT IS getting to be almost as difficult to reach Public Printer Stillings in Washington as it is to get speech with the president. The Boston man has given strict orders to hold up all who would intrude upon his privacy, even if they come on public business. The other day a man got into the sacred presence unannounced and Mr. Stillings roared at him: "How did you get in here!" The visitor did not seem to be much alarmed and instead of replying asked another question: "Are you the public printer?" Mr. Stillings again demanded: "I want to know how you got in here." The caller replied calmly: "If you are the public printer I would like to introduce myself and possibly make a few remarks about how to act like a gentleman. My name is Dick. I am from Ohio and happen to be a senator with business here." Whereupon the public printer lost all of his anger and most of his dignity.

SMALL RISK.

ONCE while making a political canvass of Missouri, the Hon. Champ Clark one evening found himself obliged to accept the hospitality of a blacksmith's house. When Mr. Clark arose the next morning he observed that the house stood on the bank of a deep, swift stream. In fact, the stream really flowed thru the back yard of the blacksmith's place. On the bank there were at least ten or twelve children at play. "Madam," said Mr. Clark to the smith's wife, "are you not afraid to allow your children to play so near a treacherous stream like that?" "But, madam," persisted Mr. Clark, appalled, "I should think you would live in constant dread lest one of your little ones would be drowned." "No," responded the woman, "we've only lost four or five that way."—Harper's Weekly.

HE REMEMBERED HIM.

WHEN you go to New Zealand, I wish you would inquire after my great-grandfather, Jeremiah Thompson." "Certainly," said the traveler, and wherever he went he asked for news of the ancestor, but without avail, according to the Dundee Advertiser. One day he was introduced to a fine old Maori of advanced age. "Did you ever meet with an Englishman named Jeremiah Thompson?" he asked. A smile passed over the Maori's face. "Meet him?" he repeated. "Why, I ate him!"

WHERE FEMINE FANCY LIGHTS

SUBSTITUTE FOR NAILS

Were you ever maddened by having a servant or visitor, inspired by a desire to hang something up, drive nails into your woodwork, regardless of consequences? Were you at any time chairman of church decoration and confronted with trustees who had views and rules on tack-driving and a committee that was determined to hammer them in anyway? Did you ever yourself feel a secret longing at a closetless summer hotel to defy all regulations for the sake of an extra hook or two? If you ever were or did, you will be glad to know of a rather recent invention that does away with all such exasperation and temptation.

A substitute for tacks and nails has now been found in the shape of a fine steel pin with a glass top that can be used for every purpose under the sun. From trimming an altar to hanging a picture, this, moreover, without need of a hammer (and consequent danger of smashing fingers) or possibility of defacing the most delicate wallpaper or polished hardwood.

These pins work on the principle of the old brass-headed thumb tack of school-drawing days, save that they leave less mark. They are useful adjuncts to the traveling bag or household handy box.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

A small sponge saturated with oil of lavender and hung near the bed, or a handkerchief moistened and laid near the invalid's couch, will be found an efficient aid in driving away intrusive flies.

Common alum melted in an iron spoon over hot coals makes a very strong cement for joining metal and glass together. It is a first-rate thing for fastening lamps to their stands, and for stopping cracks in their bases. For paraffin does not penetrate it.

To paraffin dissolve a little sugar in boiling water. Soak up with a sponge, and scatter a little powdered sugar over its surface. Lightly squeeze. Then place where ants have been seen. They will penetrate into the thousand apertures of the sponge, which can then be plunged into boiling water, and be afterwards rinsed.

A rusty screw sometimes seems so tightly fixed that its removal is impossible. It will be quite easy if red-

FOR PICTURE POSTALS

The postcard craze has brought about the manufacture of the prettiest little cabinets to keep the collections in.

Some of them are in appearance just the usual filing cabinet composed of rows of wide, shallow drawers. But each drawer is divided up into compartments the size of the usual postcard, while the compartments of the lowest drawer are made a trifle larger for the filing of those occasional larger cards.

A rather more ingenious cabinet is made so that when you unhook it the whole front swings away from the back, showing the postcards grouped in their several compartments.

Bamboo and lacquered woods are used in the majority of cases, except in those that are made to order to match the furniture of the room.

And an occasional pretty little one is made on the principle of the tiny glove and stock and handkerchief cabinets which prove so useful for keeping the little accessories in the perfect order that is their life.

HAMS FOR HOMESTEADNESS

"Talk about patriotism," said a woman just back from England, and who when there was a guest of a former chum, Mrs. Colin Campbell, once Miss Nannie Leiter. "Do you know, dear Nannie, I suffered dreadfully from homesickness for a long time after she settled down in her Dumfries home? Yes, indeed! And what do you think cured her? Why, a friend in Chicago cured her a big box full of Chicago-cured hams. Sort of hands-across-the-sea idea. No, I didn't say 'hams-across-the-sea.' The purveyor of information went on to say that Mrs. Campbell had invited many Americans of her acquaintance to come to her home and she had impromptu her mother to stay permanently abroad. Her latest effort is to get all the old family servants for her establishment. A recent street two housemaids and a coachman have just gone over from Chicago, and her cook is a comfortable-looking old colored woman. Maybe it was this 'mammy' who insisted on having the Chicago hams."

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

of Special Interest To Women Readers of The Journal will appear in the Woman's Section of Next Sunday's Paper. WATCH FOR IT!

If oatmeal is soaked overnight in water it requires only about one-half the time to cook.

Cooling Drinks for Hot Weather

By CORNELIA C. BEDFORD.

Cold drinks, to be really refreshing, should usually be slightly acid and the addition of a little lemon juice or when lemons are not to be had) old vinegar will generally make the compound more palatable. As a rule they are better when kept on ice until thoroughly chilled than when cracked ice is added directly.

One of the essentials to have on hand is plain syrup as it will mix more readily with a cold drink than sugar, even when the latter is powdered. Melt one pound of granulated sugar in one pint of hot water, stir until dissolved then boil for three minutes. Pour directly into bottles (heated to prevent cracking), cork and keep in a cool place. This syrup will keep for a number of weeks without deterioration.

Root Beer.—Root beer extract may now be had from the grocer, and it is usually excellent and readily prepared. Spruce and several other varieties of beer extracts come in the same form, and it is only necessary to follow the printed directions. Keep on ice for several hours before serving.

Oatmeal Harvest Drink.—Boil a half pound of oatmeal in five gallons of hot water for half an hour, adding a two-inch stick of cinnamon when half done. Strain, add a half ounce of tartaric acid and sufficient sugar to slightly sweeten.

Oatmeal Lemonade.—Squeeze the juice of three lemons, remove the seeds. Mix the juice with two quarts of water. Add four tablespoons of oatmeal and sufficient sugar syrup to make slightly sweet. Drop in the lemon rinds and let stand two hours, stirring occasionally, then strain.

Fruit Vinegars.—Pour one quart of strong cider vinegar over two quarts of any kind of small berry previously mashed. Let stand for a day, stirring twice. Strain thru a coarse cloth, pressing hard. Add two quarts more of berries and repeat the process. Measure the strained liquor, add one pound of sugar for each pint, heat slowly, skim, boil five minutes and bottle. Add two or three tablespoons to a glass of ice water.

Mead Quickly Made.—Boil together for five minutes two pounds of sugar, two quarts of hot water and one pint of strained honey. Take off, add four ounces of tartaric acid. When cold add a half ounce, measure for measure, of sugar for each pint, heat slowly, skim, boil five minutes and bottle. Add two or three tablespoons of ice water, stir in one-

quarter of a teaspoonful of baking soda and drink while effervescent. Pineapple Lemonade.—Make a plain lemonade with one pound of sugar boiled for three minutes with one pint of water, the strained juice of four lemons and two quarts of cold water. To this add a ripe pineapple which has been pared, eyed and grated. Other fruits may be used with lemonade in the same way.

AT THE PHOTOGRAPHERS

"Fewer women would be disappointed in their photographs if they would pose naturally and wear becoming frocks when sitting for their pictures," remarked a prominent photographer recently.

"If instead of going to the hair-dressers and having their hair done in the newest style of coiffure, and putting on the latest fashion in a gown, women would wear it in a simple and becoming way, such as all their friends are familiar with, better likenesses would be the result."

"As the prevailing custom is now, photographs are all taken for show. They are simply fashion plates. Women who are perfectly sensible about other things wear, as a rule, the most elaborate robes they can buy or borrow, bedeck themselves with jewels, and when they get into the studio assume the most impossible positions before the camera and wear expressions that are entirely foreign to their characters."

"To secure a good likeness a woman should never wear a dress she has not had on before and worn enough times to not only become thoroughly familiar with it, but to have the lines in the robe fit her figure; in other words, the gown should be in keeping with the personality of the subject and should be subordinate to her features. The frock should be above all else a characteristic one, both in design and color."

QUEEN PROTECTS BIRDS

Queen Alexandra never wears oprey feathers, and has written to the duchess of Portland that she will do all she can to discourage the cruelly practiced upon these beautiful birds. She has always given the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds full permission to use her name in any way that may conduce to that object.